

Mission to Rome.

Mr. Wick.—As to rules to prevent a like occurrence in future, gentlemen could not, to use a Western phrase, "no way they could fix it," make a set of absolute rules to operate on Western men.

person who made the greatest efforts to elevate your Excellency to the Presidency! I have taken no part in the administration of your Excellency, nor in the former administration to which I have not belonged. I have no complaint to make on this account; but I must

Aar. VII.—This constitution may be amended at any regular meeting of the society, by vote of two-thirds of its members; *Provided* the amendments proposed, have been submitted in writing to the Executive Committee, two months previous.

ed with water, had been dug. Here, without benefit of elergy, the body was taken from the coop, a rope passed around the neck and another round the feet, and plunged into the water, with a common mat under it and the mud and filth taken from the hole thrown over it! That a colonel, of good reputation for bravery and soldiership, should be thus shamefully neglected, surprised and pained us, and

icient to remark, that the advantages resulting from colourization are much better calculated to attract the attention of the statesman, reflecting in his closet, than of the great masses, who throng the fields and

New York 21,324; New Jersey 11,428; Pennsylvania 3,737. From 1790 downward, the following table will correctly exhibit the decline of slavery at each succeeding census:

From these tables it appears that in 1800 the whites had increased upon the slaves one and one-tenth per cent.; that this ratio, in 1810, had increased to three and one-fifth per cent.; in 1820 to thirteen per cent.

slaves; in 1830 to fifteen and one-tenth per cent., with a continued and slightly accelerated decline of slaves; and in 1840 to twenty and one-half per cent., with a rapidly accelerated decline of slaves.

[To be continued.]

THE EXAMINER.

J. C. VAUGHAN, Editor.
P. COBB, Assistant Editor.
LOUISVILLE, APRIL 18, 1858.

Mr. McCall's Address.
We hope this address will be read. Mr. McCall has spoken ably, and we desire him to be heard. The best way to learn the truth will be to hear all sides—the worst way, certainly, to do it, is to consider honestly what is said with regard to it.

A friend, who admires the orator, says, he means to attend his lecture. Another, who knows him only to love him, will admit his faults, and deny his conclusions. So be it. Let us hear all—consider all—and then we will hold fast to the right.

We begin the address on our first page, this week's issue.

Mr. James M. Pendleton.
We have no minister in Kentucky who is more respected than this fearless Christian man, not one who is doing, in his sphere, more good. Wherever a word may be uttered in behalf of humanity, there we are sure to hear his eloquent voice, or feel his earnest fire. We have before us now, an able member of his on the sinfulness of war, and shall endeavor next week to publish parts of it. We desire to make our readers familiar with the good thoughts of this good man.

Good Prospects.
We are glad to see many small manufacturing establishments springing up in our city. These are the things we want. Let us encourage them! Let our married men help them along! Nothing helps to build up a city so much as small traders, and small manufacturers.

France and Freedom.
There is no hesitation in the new Republic as to its whole duty. Freedom for all is its motto. Listen to the brief proclamation of the Provisional Government:

"The Provisional Government of the Republic, considering that no French land should any longer be a slave, declares a commission is constituted, under the Provisional Minister of Colonies and the Marine, for the immediate emancipation of the slaves in all the Colonies of the Republic."

This decree will awake but one sensation of joy throughout the world. It shows the men of the Revolution to be earnest, and will make all Governments respect them.

The Moral Issue.
We desire to impress the truth upon the friends of emancipation in Kentucky—that if they will only work in earnest, they can carry the day.

Letters from the interior are full of encouragement; letters, not to us alone, but to various citizens. From one and from all, with one or two exceptions, we hear the same account—that all the signs are propitious, that slaveholders are beginning to realize that slavery will not pay, and that all classes are getting ready for emancipation. Let us keep up a few of these letters.

"There are many signs of progress of the emancipation feeling among our people. Let me give you some items which will go to swell the fact."

"At our Court, a few days since, the Sheriff offered for sale a mother and children, the woman was first put upon the block; the bystanders urged him, (the Sheriff), to sell them all together. I was not present, but was told that the company manifested quite a desire that the mother and her children should go together."

Now many people are afraid, may ask, what does this amount to? A good deal, friends—more, much more than meets the eye. When sales of this character are made without exciting right feeling—the very kind of feeling described by our correspondent—there is no hope for emancipation. When they touch the right chord, there is not only hope, but a certainty of freedom being guaranteed to all. But who exhibited the feeling? Politicians, slaveholders, freemen? We know what company an auctioneer gathers—invariably the exhibitions of such a company is a true representation of the feelings and purposes of the whole community. Our correspondent continues:

"Col. ***** (a prominent politician and decided pro-slavery man in feeling and practice), remarked to the company, 'that such representations ought to be made, and that when we have a new Constitution it should be done.' Now two years ago this gentleman would have thought it a good act for slavery men to have lynch law against slavery men everywhere. Yet he told me in the winter, that he would sign a petition to the Legislature to prohibit the separation of slave families!"

Let us pause here. The Col. would sign a petition for this great object. So would thousands of slaveholders. Now what is to prevent the friends of humanity, in every county of the State, getting up petitions of this character, and sending them to the Legislature next winter? Hear our correspondent:

"If this spirit increases here till Fall, as it has done for sometime past, we could procure, I think, 500 voters to sign a petition for the purpose aforesaid; and it does seem to me that there could be concert of action, among the friends, all over the State, and a flood of such petitions sent to our next General Assembly, that it would tell to the purpose. Where is the Kentucky man who knows a parent's love, or the tender feelings of a father for his offspring, that could object to such a law? Especially, would those who have lost lovely babes, know how to feel for others' woe; and were I a slave, I would esteem it a mercy that my little daughter should be torn away from me by death, rather than sold to a merciless slaveholder, who would sell her to a brutal master, while her immortal part should be left uncare for."

Who can gain say this heart-eloquence? Who deny its conclusions? Appeal thus to the strongest pro-slavery man, and he will not, he cannot refuse to sign your petition. Go forth among our citizens, and speak to them in this vein, and few will have the heart to refuse. Aye, let the anti-slavery men appeal to all in this way, and for this end, and next winter we shall "hood the General Assembly with our petitions."

But listen again:

"You have a subscriber in ***** a man of wealth and influence, who I am told, is of opinion that if the slavery question is properly presented to the people of Kentucky, that there will be as great a majority for emancipation, as there was last August for a Convention; he comes to this conclusion from the fact, he says, that almost all the slaveholders of his county, believe we would be in a better condition without slaves; that idea, I may say, almost universal with our slave owners, or at least becoming very general here."

Let us not be alarmed by these statements. We hear a good deal of caution, prudence, tact. The observance of one rule will gain these without study, or thought, or worse yet, calculation; and, at the same time, ward off all danger—viz: avoid that timidity which would conceal or blink the truth, and yet speak kindly, in affection and earnestness. Where is the man that can get angry when approached in this temper? Where the people, at all alive to the evils of slavery, who would tolerate violence when this course is pursued?

We know that slaveholders everywhere—not only in ***** but in nearly all our counties, are rapidly coming to the conclusion, that slavery does not pay, that they would be in a better condition without it. We know, too, although they will not acknowledge it, that nobler and truer views, views of right, duty, and virtue, which relate to religion, and humanity, are operating, strongly and generally upon them. It is strange, then, that the strong-minded, and

right-hearted citizens of ***** should conclude, if the slavery question be properly presented, that a large majority will be for emancipation? Not at all! The wonder is, that the decision is not thundered forth in one voice by all classes! Why, even on the ground assumed by ***** that slavery does not pay, how clear and conclusive the proof! Take a simple presentation, made by an intelligent Kentuckian, (from whom we hope to hear often) in last week's Examiner, in a contrast made between Ohio and Kentucky, thus:

Total Real Estate of Ohio, value, \$100,000,000
Total Real Estate of Kentucky, value, \$20,000,000
Excess of Real Estate of Ohio, over Kentucky, \$80,000,000

And now for the cause! It is all told in the following table:

Total value of slaves in Ky., \$20,000,000
In Ohio, 000,000
Difference in favor of Ky., \$19,800,000

This difference creates the sole disparity between the States, makes Kentucky halt, and Ohio go ahead, leaves us in the background every way—in the growth of cities, in the value of lands, in public improvements, in public schools. And who wants this? Whose interest is it to have this? Slaveholders are directly, deeply concerned in removing the cause of this difference, and we believe, a very large number of them will do it, by helping, at the proper time, all who are struggling for emancipation.

The Last King.
The *Press* gives the following as an extract from a letter written:

"M. R. ***** one of my friends, was present at the embarkation of the ex-King in a fishing-boat on Thursday last. When on the point of quitting the French soil, Louis Philippe started to the King, and said, 'Join the Republic frankly and sincerely, for I carry with me the French Monarchy, and I shall descend with it to the tomb. I have been the last King of France. Adieu!'"

The Crescent City.
This is the name of a new Daily in New Orleans. It is fresh in looks, and contains evidence of industry and talent. It is not too much to say, that it will compare favorably with any of the Dailies published in New Orleans. Indeed, we predict for this Journal, a successful career, if it have (as we doubt not it has) the wherewithal to sustain itself, while establishing its reputation. We heartily wish the Crescent City success.

Madison, Indiana, is growing rapidly! Only think of it! It numbers now 8,000 souls—showing an increase in two years of two thousand!

Madison is situated between two large cities—Louisville and Cincinnati. Yet, with the early characteristic of the free States, she builds a railroad, and builds flouring mills, and manufacturing establishments, and the result is, growth, rapid and permanent growth.

The Youthful Voice.
A fair young friend, full of girlish glie, wishes to try her hand in poetic effort. She is welcome! We rejoice to see the youthful spirit in harmony with nature, and as it listens to the glorious music of Spring, seeking to lip its sympathy in numbers. It is April now. But May, merry May, is near by, and it is not strange that our sweet correspondent should anticipate its coming, with its flower-crowns for favorites, and its revelry in fields, where the young gather to give it joyous welcome. Here is the song:

The earth with joy is now awake
From the dreary winter's sleep;
Spring is like the bright day breaking;
Nature's heart begins to leap!

Now the birds with merry voices
Warble through the sunny hours,
And their sweetest voices sing
Singing forth its song in flowers.

Now the sky with loving clouds
Laughs upon us from above—
Through the mead the streamlet dances
Singing back its looks of love.

On the green the lambs are bounding
All about their gambols play,
While their voices are resounding
Welcome! welcome! merry May!

Louisiana. According to a new statistical work just issued in New Orleans, contains a population as follows:

White Males, 165,391
Free colored Males, 91,030—196,430
Free colored Females, 8,290
Free colored Males, 10,912—19,242
Females slaves, 109,400
Total, 427,755

What is the white population of New Orleans? Nearly a third, according to this, of the whole State!

Kentucky and Them. Addie Emmett. The Knickerbocker has the following anecdote of the two eminent persons named above. Where as some, invidious and severity of denunciation are regarded as the characteristic of eloquence, the less which the subtleties narrative convey may operate as a useful corrective:

"We do not know when we have encountered a more forcible exemplification of the truth, that a soft answer turneth away wrath, than is afforded in the ensuing anecdote. On one occasion in the Supreme Court of the U. States, a eloquent Irish gentleman, Mr. Emmett, and the distinguished orator, Mr. Pinckney, were on opposite sides, in an important cause, and on the issue the latter had much at heart. In the course of his argument he finished out with a cause to make observations, personal and extremely offensive on Mr. Emmett, with a view probably of irritating and weakening his reply. Mr. Emmett sat quiet and endured it all. The cause was then dropped by Mr. Emmett, without having irritated his temper. When the argument was through, he said, 'perhaps he ought to notice the remarks of the opposite counsel, but this I decline to do; I will leave it to him to have the good fortune to have little experience, and one in which he never died. He was willing his learned opponent should have all the advantage he promised himself from the display of his talents in this way. When he came to this country he was a stranger, and was happy to say that from the bar generally, and the court universally, he had experienced nothing but kindness and aid. He believed the court would do him the justice to say, that he had said or done nothing in this cause to merit a different treatment. He had always been accustomed to admire and even reverence the learning and eloquence of Mr. Pinckney, and he was the last man from whom he should have expected personal observations of the sort the court had just witnessed. He had been in early life taught by the highest authority, not to return railing for railing. He would say that, that he had been informed that the learned gentleman had filled the highest office his country could confer at the court of St. James. He was very sorry that he had not learned his breeding in this school."

"The court and the bar were delighted; for Mr. Pinckney was apt to be occasionally a little overbearing. When we take into consideration the merit of restraint against the natural impulse of a warm Irish temperament, we must admire still more the manner adopted by Mr. Emmett. Mr. Pinckney, as we gather from the *Examiner*, is a life of that gentleman, afterwards tendered the most ample and generous apology. 'The manner,' said he, 'in which Mr. Emmett has replied, reproaches me for his forbearance and forbearance, and could not fail to hasten the repentance, which reflection alone would have produced, and which I am glad to have so public an occasion of avowing. 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LITERARY EXAMINER.

For the Examiner.

The following lines were written on reading the Poem, "The Wants of Man," by the Hon. John Quincy Adams, when it was first published, in 1841. They have never been published, and if the Editor of the Examiner chooses to give them a place in his interesting and valuable paper, they are at his service.

F. W. H.

"I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days,
The friend of human kind;
That after ages as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name."

J. Q. Adams.

Thou, patriot, pure and uncorrupt:
In a den of sin,
This with, at least, should be fulfilled:
For bright on history's page,
In glorious companionship
With those who love their race,
And sought its highest happiness,
Thy name shall have a place.
Give to the miser gems and gold:
Wine to the beechen hall:
For pleasure's giddy votary
Light up the festive hall:
Let him who toils for peace and power,
Attain his loftiest aim:
What are they all, when weighed against
Thy bright unadorned fame?

I look far down the stream of time,
Our land, the young, the free,
Hath long been covered with the moon
Of hour and day;
No deep, dark forest waves in pride
Through all the wide domain,
But crowded cities skirt the hills,
And fill the laughing plain.
And hurrying on with eager step,
The thronging millions pass,
Floating as shadows on the sun,
Or down the stream of time,
O'er all the boundless continent
Like leaves in autumn shed,
The wise, the great are laid to rest
With the forgotten dead.
And many a name that once was borne
On fam'd old trumpet's air,
Comes dimly up, as from a cloud
Beams feebly forth, a star,
But like a halo pure and bright
Envelopes it around;
With delicate immortality
Thy virtuous life is crown'd.

Brunswick.

On coming out of the old church, I looked at the knightly epitaphs in the walls, and the ancient buildings that lay round about in the streets. The old senate-house was transformed into a wine-cellar, though it still stood in all its Gothic reverence, with the large stone balcony, and between every pillar was a princely knight, with his coney, carved in stone, of a natural size.

In a remote corner of the city, near one of the gates, there is a large and beautiful garden, belonging to a merchant. It is open to the public; and on the facade of the house stands, "Saxo Hopes." Here was a forest of exotic flowers, and fruit-trees, which, planted in large tubs, stood round about the house. All was flower and fragrance. From a place in the garden, which led to an arm of the river Ocker, we had one of the sweetest landscapes imaginable. It was a bleaching ground—a large meadow, full of yellow flowers. At some distance lay several villas, between the beeches and tall poplars, and in the distant horizon, the Hartz with the Brocken, which, like a grey stone-clad, rose up between the other sunlit mountains: it was a finished picture! In the mountains themselves we have background, without foreground; and in the plains, it is the contrary—foreground enough, but no background; here were both, and as finely distributed as one could wish. I saw a young painter sketching the clouds and airy part of the picture. People walked past, without noticing him. And so near the city! He should have been at Copenhagen. I remember once told me, that he one evening took a walk along the banks of the Pebling lake, in order to study the appearance of the sky. Delighted with its beautiful reflection on the surface of the water, he stood and looked into it; when a crowd soon collected about him, and all asked, "Is any one drowned?"

"I walked past Heinrich Love's old castle, by moonlight, the large copper lion stood quietly on its pedestal, and looked in to the castle on the new generation, which, in soldiers' uniforms, peeped out of all the windows.

On the third day after my arrival, I left Brunswick, by the "Schneepost," and fell into company with two young lieutenants, who traveled incognito, as majors; they directly made me a professor, and, as it costs nothing by way of tax for the title, I submitted to it with Christian patience. We had, besides, a servant-maid of about forty years of age, who was to meet the family at Goslar, and an old original school-master, with whom we must try to be better acquainted. The woman was of a character between the melancholy and the sanguine; she was in tears every moment, because just on that day, the great annual target shooting was to take place in Brunswick, which she had so great a desire to be present at; but now it was the time she had been obliged to travel on this year.

I parted company with all my fellow-travelers except the school-master, at the first station; we were now placed in a less carriage, where there was only room for four persons; the hearts thus came corporeally nearer, and I had now but one figure to occupy myself with. He was a man of about sixty years of age; a little slender being, with lively eyes, a black velvet skull cap on his head. He was the express image of Jean Paul's schoolmaster, Witz, from Avenhain. My schoolmaster was from a little Hanoverian town, and was going to visit an old friend in Goslar, with whom he would, like myself, ascend the mountains for the first time. He was one of those happy beings whose contentment allies itself with fancy, and whose narrow room extends itself to a fairy palace; and which can suck honey from the least promising flower. With almost childish pride, he told me about his little town, that to him was the world's centre; it had also increased in cultivation in latter times, and had a private theatre.

"Yes," said he, "you shall see it! There is no one would ever think of its having been a stable before. The stalls are painted with violins and flutes, by an old painter; and the music itself, yes! I fail, it is really good, for such a small town!—two violins, a clarinet and a great drum they play very nicely."

"I know not really how it can be, but music goes strangely into the heart, and I can well imagine how it must be with the little angels in heaven. But with us, now, we don't pretend to those hocus pocuses and trappings, which they have in Brunswick and Berlin. No, our old sexton, who is the leader, gives us a good honest Polish tune, and a Molinsky between the acts; our women join in with them, and we old fellows beat time on the floor with our sticks; it is a real pleasure!"

"And how of the acting?" I asked.

"Sorrow—sorrow—full of sorrow,
Not a stone within the street
But if it could accede brown repeat!
Youth of struggle and endurance;
Woe; meek downward burial;
Age, but with one last assurance
Centered in another world!"

Sorrow—sorrow—full of sorrow,
Year to year we upward grow,
Seeking hope in that to-morrow,
Which, when sought, deceives us so!
Oh! reflection, friendship, kindness,
Often we find our friends;
Often pass by in blindness
Wretches that live to weep."

Charles Swain.

"Charming! for, you must know, in order that those who perform may have courage to appear before us, they are gradually accustomed to it at the rehearsals, and in the general rehearsal every house must send two servants, that the benches may be filled, and that they who perform may have courage."

"It must indeed be a great pleasure—" "A pleasure!" interrupted he, "yes, in our hearts' simplicity we all amuse ourselves, and don't envy them in Berlin. But we have also splendid scenery, machinery, drop-curtains, and performances. On the first drop-scene we have the town fire-engine, and the jet stands just as in nature. But they are altogether painted—beautifully painted. The drop-scene representing the street is the finest; there we have our town-market, and it is so distinct, that every one can see his own house, play whatever piece they may. The worst thing we have, is the little iron chandelier; the candles drip so terribly, that if there be ever so many persons present there is always a large space under the chandelier. Another fault, for I am not the man to praise everything, another fault is, that many of our women when they act, and happen to know any one on the seats, directly glibly nod to them. But, goodness gracious, the whole is only pleasure!"

"But when there are no performances in the winter, it must be very quiet in your little town; the long evenings—" "O, they go on quite delightfully. My wife, both the children, and the servant girl, sit down to spin; and when all the four wheels are going, I read aloud to them; so the work goes on easily, and the time flies away. On Christmas-eve we play for ginger-bread nuts, and apple-fritters, whilst the poor children sing outside the doors about Christmas joys and the infant Jesus; and that brings the tears in my eyes, although I am so inwardly glad."

Thus the current of conversation ran rapidly on, whilst the vehicle moved slowly forward on the sandy road.—*Rambles, &c., by Hans Christian Andersen.*

Foot Coach Companion.

Our names were not asked, but our country, every one got a name after some remarkable man or woman there, and thus we formed a circle of celebrated persons. I, as a Dane, was called Thorvald; my neighbor, a young Englishman, Shakespeare. The ancient himself could not be less than Claudius; but with our three opposite neighbors he was somewhat perplexed. One was a young girl, about eighteen years of age, who accompanied her uncle, an old apothecary, from Brunswick; he was at last obliged to call her Miss Mummie, and the uncle, Henry Love. But the last of the passengers were quite anonymous, as we could not find any famous characters in that otherwise salt-producing town, Lyneborg, whence she came. She was, therefore, a step-child; and it appeared as if she had often been treated as such, for she smiled with a strange sadness, when we could not find a name for her in the society. This circumstance caused me to regard her more particularly. She was about fifty years of age, had a brown skin, and some traces of the small-pox; but there lay something interesting in her dark eyes, something deeply sad, even when she smiled.

We heard that she kept a school for young girls in Lyneborg, lived quietly there in a small house, and had now, for the first time, but only for a few days, been in Hamburg. I scarcely heard her speak a word the whole way; but she smiled kindly at our jests, and looked good-naturedly happy at the young girl, every time she laughed heartily at what we said.

In the midst of us chatters she was the most interesting to me, on account of her silence. As we rolled into Lyneborg's narrow streets, where the houses stood in the moonlight, so old, and with their pointed gables, so cloister-like, I heard her speak for the first time:

"Now I am at home!" said she.

We alighted; the old apothecary offered her his arm to conduct her home—it was close by, and the rest accompanied her. It was about eleven o'clock; everything was so still in this strange old town; its houses, with pointed gables, bow windows, and out buildings round about, looked singular in the bright moonlight. The watchman had a large rattle, which he made pretty free use of—singing his verse—and rattled again.

"Welcome home, Miss!" said he, in the midst of his song, he nodded, and mentioned his name as she went up the high stone steps—here she lived. I saw her nod her farewell, and disappear behind the door.—*Rambles, &c., by Hans Christian Andersen.*

How this gentleman's travels has puzzled me! I have met the same man at a distance of more than a hundred miles! I presume he must always keep to the canal country. His paraphernalia occupy a large space; he is peculiar in many things; he wears no tail, but makes up for it with the dirt he carries. The whole fraternity have the same idiotic look which characterizes the Buddhist priest, whom they much resemble in appearance. He displays the jaws and bones of the tiger, elephant, shark, whale, in short of almost all animals; diseased livers, tumours, &c.; sea-weeds, gigantic fungi, in short everything that is horrible and disagreeable. If he succeed in decoying a patient, he, besides supplying medicines, punctures or inserts hot needles into the diseased parts, or burns moxa upon it, chanting all the time amid the fumes of incense and candles. Before leaving he loads the patient with medicines of a very harmless nature for a trifling sum, and pays the most profound respect and attention to all suggestions or questions from the crowd.

—*Forbes's China.*

Made of the Nightingale.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that, at midnight, should hear, as I have very often, the clear air, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord! what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou afford'st men such music on earth.—*Izaak Walton.*

Sorrow.

"Sorrow—sorrow—full of sorrow,
Not a stone within the street
But if it could accede brown repeat!
Youth of struggle and endurance;
Woe; meek downward burial;
Age, but with one last assurance
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Often pass by in blindness
Wretches that live to weep."

Charles Swain.

Account of the Brocken.
Goslar now lay behind me; between the mountains the road led past a mill, where the merry journeyman was struggling in the doorway with a girl, to get a kiss.

A steep bank, where the yellow ochreous earth shone forth, rose close by, with the ruins of an old watch-tower. The prospect now became more extensive; Ocker-dalen (the Ocker-dale) with its smelting-lutes, lay around us. The black smoke curled in the air, and contrasted strangely with the blue-white mists about the mountains. The fierce red fire burnt within the huts, and the smelted ore ran down, like lava, with green and white flames, into a gutter over the floor.

A little path led us over field and meadow, into the green leafy wood, which, however, soon changed for the old dark pines. Round about were several springs of water, so that the earth in several places stood in a marsh; and my guide plunged in to the knees. We met several wandering students, in white traveling blouses, and with flowers in their caps; another party had three or four large dogs with them, and looked not unlike Carl Moor's whoopers. The forest resounded with whistling and shouting, but I neither saw nor heard any other birds in that large and quiet forest.

Of the ruins of Hainzburgh there was too little to see, and of bushes round about there were too many, so that there was scarcely any prospect. We came up with a wandering postman, who was going to Blankenburg; he told us that on this road, within the last two years, there had been many "Spitzbuben" (knaves and robbers), and that even now it was not always safe at night; and strange enough it was, that as he told this, the forest at once became thicker, much darker, and consequently, also, far more solemn.

A thunder-cloud gathered over us, and the first discharge of heaven's artillery rolled between the mountains as we entered the village of Lisenburg.

The baronial castle here is finely situated, but appeared somewhat ruinous. The netles grew up high before the walls, whence the red fragments of stone had fallen down into the river.

The Brocken was quite enveloped in the large thunder-cloud, which darted its lightning down amongst the pine-trees; yet after a rest of a few hours, I determined to ascend the mountain.

A fresh guide announced himself, the thunder was past, and we set off through the beautiful valley of Isledal. "Beautiful!" How little does there lie in the word! Yet the painter himself, cannot with his living colors, represent nature in all its greatness; how, then, should the poet be able to do it with words? No; could tones become corporeal; could we paint with tones, as with pen and ink, then we should be able to represent the spiritual, that which seizes the heart when the bodily eye sees a new and wonderfully charming scene of nature.

The river Ilse ran on with a stormy current by the side of our path; high pine-covered mountains lay on both sides. The naked rock, with a large iron cross on its highest point, rose perpendicularly in the air; it made one's neck ache to look up to this height, and yet when we stood on the Brocken the eye looks far down in search of it. The opposite side is a rocky wall of similar exterior; everything around indicates that these rocks, by some mighty convulsion of nature, have been risen up, and thereby forming a bed for the river Ilse. In this mighty rock, says the legend, lives the beautiful Princess Ilse, who, with the first beams of the morning sun, rises from her couch, and bathes herself in the clear stream; happy is he who finds her there; but only few have seen her, for she fears the sight of man, though she is good and kind.

When the deluge blotted out man from the earth, the waters of the Baltic also rose high, high up into Germany; the beautiful land then fed, with her bridegroom, from the northern lands here towards the Hartz, where the Brocken seemed to offer them a retreat. At length they stood on this enormous rock, which projected far above the swelling sea; the surrounding lands were hidden under the waves; lands, human beings, and animals had disappeared. Alone they stood, arm in arm, looking down on the waves as they broke against the rock. But the waters rose higher; in vain they sought an uncovered ridge of rock where they could ascend the Brocken, that lay like a large island amid the stormy sea. The rock on which they stood then trembled under them; an immense cleft opened itself; they were threatened to tear them away; still they held each other's hands; the side walls bent forward and backward; they fell together into the rushing flood. From her the river Ilse has obtained its name, and she still lives with her bridegroom within the "finny rock."

We proceeded further into the forest; the way began to wind upwards towards the Brocken; the declining sun could not shine in between the thick pines, round about lay the huts of charcoal-burners, enveloped in a bluish smoke, so that the whole had a still, strange, and romantic character.

The road went more and more upwards; round about lay enormous masses of rock. The river rushed over the large blocks, and formed a succession of waterfalls. Sometimes the channel of the river was hemmed in between two narrow cliffs, where the black stream then boiled with a snow-white foam; sometimes it rushed on, broad and unchecked, between the fallen pines, and carried the large green branches with it.

As we continued to ascend, the bed of the river became less—the stream diminished as it were, to a spring; and at last we saw only the large water-drops that bubbled forth from the rocks.

The Brocken gave me an idea of a northern tumulus, and that on a grand scale. Here stone lies piled on stone, and a strange silence rests over the whole. Not a bird twitters in the low pines; round about are white grave-flowers, growing in the high moss, and stones lie in masses on the sides of the mountain-top.

We were now on the top, but everything was in a mist. We stood in a cloud. A choir of music sounded clearly from the inn up here. There were about forty travelers there; some of them had brought instruments with them, and were playing merrily from "Fra Diavolo," "Massanello," and other popular pieces.

Three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, in the midst of a cloud, but behind a five foot wall—here I sat in a little room, and warmed myself by the hot stove. The mattresses of the bed were stuffed with sea-weed from Denmark; thus I could lie down to rest on Danish ground high aloft in the clouds.—*Rambles, &c., by Hans Christian Andersen.*

This World and Another.

He who considers this earthly spot as the only theatre of his existence and his grave, instead of his first stage in progressive being, can never view nature with a cheerful, or man with a benevolent eye.—*Pope to Swift.*

Presentiments.
I know instances in which, for several mornings previous to the occurrence of a calamity, persons have awakened with a painful sense of misfortune, for which they could not account, and which was dispersed as soon as they had time to reflect that they had no cause for uneasiness. This is the only kind of presentiment I ever experienced myself; but it has occurred to me twice, in a very marked and unmistakable manner. As soon as the intellectual life of the brain, and the eternal world broke in, the instinctive life receded, and the intuitive knowledge was obscured, and according to Dr. Ennemoser's theory, the polar relations changed, and the nerves were busied with conveying sensuous impressions to the brain, their sensibility or positive state now being transferred from the internal to the external periphery. It is by the contrary change that Dr. Ennemoser seeks to explain the insensibility to pain of mesmerized patients.

A lady dreamt that her aunt, who resided at some distance, was murdered by a black servant. Impressed with the liveliness of the vision, she could not resist going to the house of her relation, where the man she had dreamt of, whom I think she had never seen before, opened the door to her. Upon this she induced a gentleman to watch in the adjoining room during the night; and towards morning hearing a foot upon the stairs, he opened the door and discovered the black servant carrying a coal-scuttle full of coals, for the purpose, as he said, of lighting his mistress's fire. As this motive did not seem very probable, the coals were examined and a knife found hidden amongst them, with which he afterwards confessed, he intended to have murdered his mistress, provided she made any resistance to a design he had formed, of robbing her of a large sum of money, which he was aware she had that day received.—*Mrs. Crowe's Night-side of Nature.*

On the Training of Children.
Something has occurred which has brought me into conflict of mind; how far to restrain young persons in their pleasures, and how far to leave them at liberty. The longer I live, the more difficult do I see education to be; more particularly, as it respects the religious restraints that we put upon our children; to do enough, and not too much, is a most delicate and important point. I begin seriously to doubt, whether as it respects the peculiar scruples of Friends, it is not better, quite to leave sober-minded young persons to judge for themselves.—Then the question arises—When does so much mixing religion with those things which are not delectable, may we turn them from the thing itself. I see, feel, and know, that where these scruples are adopted from principle, they bring a blessing with them; but where they are only adopted out of conformity to the views of others, I have very serious doubts whether they are not a stumbling block.—*Life of Elizabeth Fry.*

From the [Dublin] Nation.
It thunders in the ocean,
It laughs among the hills,
It screams with sea-bird from the cliff,
And leaps in mountain rills.
The glorious news—the glorious news to him
Who settles Sicily, Sicily has rent her despot's chains—
That Sicily has shaken from her beauteous man-
gled breast
The ancient culture which so long hath
wrought her soul's unrest—
Has offered up her tyrant's strength and all his
hurling slaves
A holocaust to Freedom on the Baedars'
granite
Rejoice bold forest dwellers by the Vistula
and Don,
And her hearts of France rejoice, your goal is
near!
But pallid Poles, all and beside the Liffey, Boyne
and Lee—
What! selfish, cold, assuasive lies, ye only won't
be free!
At woman's deeds and lava words
The soul of Freedom came
Ho! Sicily's breast of beauty
Hides old Etna's heart of flame!

Fests! La Lana, peerless maiden, mounted on
your rushing steed,
How you head our charging columns in their
scent battle need!
Your golden plume is dancing 'mid our
foemen's bloody ranks.
Viva! viva!—'tis broke at last, that foreigner
phalanx,
And now, to lend the wounded, Beauty flies
in our ranks.
The loveliest, proudest of the land, so holy and
so meek!
Ye daughters fair of fair Ireland, will ye be
gods and wives?
Will ye bind up your country's wounds, and
soothe her aching sighs?
Subdue her for your kinsmen's hearts; for nought
you belong
The rights of fashion's spina to weep your
country's wrongs.
It points across the waters
Like the chimera of marriage bells;
The blessed words are marvellous
With holy Angel's spells.

The blessed words that winged the news that
stout Palermo's sons
Have trampled alien tyrants, despite its glaves
and guns.
To free their land—their native land—the peasant
and the peer
Unite—no mad class-selfishness or pale distrust
in here;
The heir of old Sicilian race—the prince, of
conquered heir—
Sicilian, Greek blood mingling with the Nor-
man's, Spaniard's blood;
Though sprung from race of foes, yet, for a
marital bond;
To-day they know one common foe, one com-
mon father-land.
Unit—dwellers in this land, like them, for
native rights.
Oh! sons of martyred Ireland, unite, unite,
unite!
G. N. S.

Chinese Fortune-teller.
The fortune-teller is a cunning rascal; he is seated under an awning, before him his magic mirror, books, pencils, ink, &c. So intent is he on his studies, that the vociferations of a country-looking bumpkin, which have attracted a crowd of gazers, have failed to awaken him. Slowly he rouses himself from the trance of his meditations, and with a mysterious shudder and start he excuses himself hastily, shuts his book with an air, talks of the spirits having deceived him, in causing him to believe that a poor man, destined to fill a high office, humbly awaited him at the gate of celestial bliss; is much surprised when the clownish customer calls upon him to unfold his prophetic powers, and relate what heaven may have in store for him. Having asked him if he is sure they have not met before, which question confirms the bumpkin in the opinion that he must have been the cause of this extraordinary vision, he places a stool for him opposite, and then commences the divination of futurity. After asking a few questions, he places his mirror so as to reflect the heavens, and inscribes thereon certain mystic signs, these he continually changes (having referred to a number of books and talking all a time aloud), writhing now and then on a slip of paper; he at last fills up all he requires, and hands it to the delighted and deluded simpleton; then falling into a reverie awaits the arrival of another, who is not slow in arriving: one fool makes many, and the trade is a good one.—*Forbes's China.*

Chinese Dinner.
Returning one day from Tien Thung, a party of five of us agreed, as a matter of curiosity, to sit down to a regular tavern dinner. By great good luck, one of the party happened to be the consular interpreter, who induced his linguist and teacher to take the chair: to him, a fine old Chinese gentleman, of convivial habits and great information, we left the entire management, stipulating only that the dinner should be the best that the first tavern in Ningpo could produce. He promised to take us to one in the principal street which he himself frequented. He was to direct us in the most accomplished way of dining à la Chinese, and to illustrate the course, in order that our repeat should be perfectly à la mode. I have unfortunately forgotten the beautiful collection of monosyllables that composed his name. In the lobby of our hotel was a tempting display of, to us, very novel delicacies, illustrative of mine host's proficiency in his calling, together with a cloud of steam and a most variegated odour. Calling the waiter our major domo ordered that every dish the house could provide should be served as soon as possible, at the same time requiring a private apartment. The waiter (whose dress was not calculated to impede his movements much, consisting of a pair of short unmentionables, it being the height of summer) led the way up stairs, through a large apartment, in which at small tables, one or two at each, sat respectfully dressed Chinese, taking their afternoon meal, or conversing over a cup of hot sam-soo, into a neatly furnished small apartment. No sooner had we entered than a pipe-bearer, with necessary paraphernalia, introduced a pipe (technically a bubble-bubble) into the mouth of one of the party, who, being told by our preceptor that it was *selon le regle*, drew a whiff or two and passed it on to another, and so on all round. After a few moments' delay tea was served, succeeded by six small saucers, containing separately sugar-candy, cherries, dried pieces of melons, walnuts, ground-nuts, and brown sugar; these, we were informed, were for our amusement, while the landlord prepared a dinner worthy the reputation of his establishment; our Chinese friend beguiling the time with anecdotes of heroes who had distinguished themselves in the convivial life, and heroes with a vengeance they must have been, if these stories of their mighty appetite, and grand exploits of gourmandising had any foundation in fact. Soon the advanced guard made its appearance, consisting of several small basins, filled with soups and stews of birds' nests, beche-de-mer, sea-slugs, and other light and stimulating delicacies, patties of shrimps, &c., fried in pork-fat, salted and boiled eggs, and boiled and stewed vegetables (salt, pepper, soy, and oil, in smaller saucers, were in every part of the table). These were given to understand, were mere provocatives of appetite, intended as a foundation for more substantial fare; they were ranged in a line round the table, leaving an open square in the centre. The best wines were now produced, warm, in small metal pots (not unlike coffee pots), and poured into very small China cups; from our *maitre de ceremonie*, we took our queue, and, seizing the diminutive vessel in both hands, we half rose, and, reaching across in direction of the person whom we wished to honor until both vessels met, when, each making a profound bow, and chin-chin, we resumed ourselves, and emptied the cup, which was no sooner empty than refilled by our officious Gany-men.

Before each of us were two or three small basins to serve as plates, and a pair of chop-sticks. The repeat might be said now to have commenced in earnest, with the appearance of a large bowl of stewed mutton, by no means bad, which was placed at an angle of the square, at which each pecked with chop-sticks, and the more finished example was set by our accomplished friend, breaking a piece with his own chop-sticks, giving us, at the same time, to understand that it was highly complimentary, and handing it over to me. After an interval of ten minutes, viz-a-viz to the stewed mutton, appeared a corresponding bowl with the tripes of a rare fish, found on the coast of Coromandel. Our Chinese friend was an epicure, and this a favorite dish with him, and he was now in his glory, and did full justice to it in no equivocal manner. The other angles, at equal intervals, were occupied by stewed fowl and puff-dumplings, and these four surmounted by a dish of salted blubber. The pile of five dishes being complete, so was the course, followed by other piles of five dishes, consisting of stews of fowls, ducks, puddings stewed in gravies, kabobs, sweetsmeats, gelatinous soups and vegetables, to the number of thirty, in fact, every variety of fish, and pastry, when it was agreed we should move that the repeat be brought to an end, upon which everything was removed but the salt, &c., when, all of a sudden, a stewed duck with some peculiar sauce appeared.—We had all, with the exception of the Chinaman, long cried "Hold, enough!" but when that worthy, after many vain attempts to cheer us up, told us of an extensive friend of his, who, having died, topped off with six ducks out of compliment to him as host; we could not do otherwise than make an effort to help him out of his difficulty, and managed the one before us: a bowl of rice for each concluded the feast. Our officious waiter now appeared with warm water, and dark colored and uninviting towel, which, to our astonishment, we rejected, when offered to us as a general finger-glass and napkin.

On calling for the reckoning we were whispering instructed by our friend to fee the waiter and pipe-bearer who would stand our friend with the landlord; they received a rupee each; presently they re-appeared with a long account which, when totalled, amounted to five dollars, or altogether a most extensive feast for about twenty-five shillings in all for six. The above, one might imagine, would have been a feast for the lord-mayor, aldermen, and all the civic dignitaries of Ningpo (if such had any existence), but it was served up extemporaneously; the dinner was on the table within a quarter of an hour of our ordering it; the waiter apologized, and said if more time were given a grander entertainment would be provided. The price of a good tavern dinner, consisting of fish, flesh, fowl, and entrées, would be about a shilling of our money; a common club dinner a mace, or fourpence.

Feeling Refreshed.
There are scenes which soften the heart like the notes of soft music, and inspire that delicious melancholy which no person who has felt it once, would resign for the gayest pleasures. They awaken our best and purest feelings, disposing us to benevolence, pity, and friendship. Those, whom I love, I always seem to love more at such an hour as this. Yes, added he, with a sigh, the memory of those we loved—of times forever past—in such an hour as this, steals upon the mind like a strain of distant music in the stillness of night.—*Mysteries of Adol. pho.*

The Cottage Window.
"Sitting at the cottage window
Gazing on the myrtle bloom,
What! the summer daylight dying
Meadow hill and vale with gloom:
Colder falls the starry evening,
Darker grows the narrow room;
Still she lingers at the casement
Gazing on the myrtle bloom."

Sudden, like a rose, she blushes,
Angel light in her glance,
Neck, and brow, and bosom flushes,
As a step dethroned and gone:
Sudden, pale as any moonlight
Falling on a wintry solon,
Fadeth cheek, and brow, and bosom,
As that step is heard no more!

"Never love nor hope," she says,
"If a breaking heart ye fear;
Every blush of love betrayeth—
Every breath of hope's a tear."
Thus, unto herself, she mused,
"List! 'mid the deep night gloom:
Sitting at the cottage casement,
Weeping o'er the myrtle bloom."
Charles Swain.

Brunswick.
I felt a sincere and deep respect for the old city, which the narrow streets and thronging masses of people helped to sustain. I really believe our coachman drove us up one street and down the other in order to show us the imposing greatness of the town for it lasted almost an eternity before we came to the "Hotel de Baviere," in "Neue Jungfernstieg," where we descended. Here within the city itself it looks well, as the Alster, which is broad and large, separates, as it were, the old town from the new. The high towers are reflected in the water, where the swans glide along, and the boats rock with their loads of well-dressed persons. The "Jungfernstieg" is crowded with promenaders; and along here, where the one hotel lies by the side of the other, the doorways are thronged with waiters, upper-waiters, and upper-waiters' upper-waiters.

We will, however, not tarry here, but reserve our visit until the evening, when all is lighted up, although it can well bear being seen by daylight. We will venture into the crowd, amongst hackney coaches, shouting retailers of all kinds, flower girls from Vierlanden, and busy monied men from "Change. It looks as if it were but one single shop—so thickly do they press on each other. The streets cross one another, and down towards the Elbe we find some to which the entrance is through a lobby, and where scarcely any one can live that exceeds a certain circumference, unless he live in them continually. I stuck my head into some of them, but durst not go further, for they reminded me of a dream I once had: how the houses in Osterdage, (East Street,) Copenhagen, where I was walking, also began to walk, but with their fronts towards each other, so that the streets had the appearance of these Hamburg streets; and as they made another step, I sat squeezed in between the walls, and could neither get forward nor backward—which was rather unpleasant.

Yet a swarm of children played about in them, quite pleased and satisfied in that half obscure Hamburg-world.

A poor man was to be buried: four men bore the coffin, and the wife followed; they had some difficulty in passing through the narrow lane; the way was straight; not a sunbeam found its way down here—it was only when they had emerged into the broad streets that the sun-light fell on the humble coffin. I heard a story about this funeral, which is as poetically touching as it is true.

"Within this narrow street, high up in an equally narrow chamber, lay this poor corpse; the wife sat and wept over it; she knew of no expedient to get it buried—she had no means. The widow stood open, when a canary-bird flew into the room, and settled by the head of the corpse, where it began to sing; it made a strange impression on the woman; she could weep no longer, for she imagined it must have come down to her from the Lord. The bird was tame; it allowed itself to be caught directly; and as she related the circumstance to a neighbor, and showed her the bird, the woman remembered that she had shortly before read an advertisement in the newspaper about a canary-bird that had flown away from its home.

"It was the same bird; and the woman on restoring it to its owners, found there humane hearts, who rendered her such assistance as enabled her to bury the dead."

—*Rambles, &c., by Hans Christian Andersen.*

A Strange Dream.
A lady, not long since, related to me the following circumstance: Her mother, who was at the time residing in Edinburgh, in a house, one side of which looked into a wynd, whilst the door was in the high-street, dreamt that, it being Sunday morning, she had heard a sound, which had attracted her to the window; and whilst looking out, had dropped a ring from her finger into the wynd below. That she had, thereupon, gone down in her night clothes to seek it; but when she returned, the spot, it was not to be found. Returning, extremely vexed at her loss, as she received her own door she met a respectable looking young man, carrying some boxes of books. On expressing her astonishment at finding a stranger there at so unseasonable an hour, he answered, by expressing his at seeing her in such a situation. She said she had dropped her ring, and had been round the corner to seek it; whereupon, to her delighted surprise, he presented her with her lost treasure. Some months afterwards, being at a party, she recognised the young man, seen in her dream, and learnt that he was a baker. He took no particular notice of her on that occasion, and, I think, two years elapsed before she met him again. This second meeting, however, led to an acquaintance, which terminated in marriage. Here the ring and the bread are curiously emblematic of the marriage, and the occupation of the future husband.—*Mrs. Crowe's Night-side of Nature.*

Curious Coincidences.
A lady and gentleman, in Berwickshire, were awakened one night by a loud cry, which they both immediately recognised to proceed from the voice of their son, who was then absent, and at a considerable distance. Tidings subsequently reached them that exactly at that period their son had fallen overboard and was drowned; and